SIRIUS
Number 13
$2.50 US
TERI SUE
Wandering Star
Oh, dear.
TERI SUE 96

# Wandering Star

TERI SUE WOOD CREATOR, WRITER, AND ARTIST • PRESTON A. SWEET PROOF-READER • TRULAWNA FRANSENE VILLALOBOS ARTISTIC ASSISTANT

"It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas..."

Oh, yes, it is. It snowed like the dickens ta'day. And I went out, and I played, and I even threw a few snowballs. Yippie! Not bad for a warm June day, eh?

Actually, it's not, "June," that is. It's February. Gawd, time's SO confusing, ain't it? But, that's what you get when ya put yer book ta'gecher four months before it hits the stands. Whee!

So, is it hot enough fer ya yet? Me, I'm gonna go grab another pitcful of snow and a big ol' heaping cup of hot chocolate. Yee hee heh!

Ah, man, I'm having so much fun. This is, like, only the third snowfall I've seen since I've moved ta Banning, California, not ta mention the first three snowfalls I've ever seen in my entire LIFE. (For those of ya who've only recently joined us, I grew up in El Centro, California, a mean ol' desert town that never, EVER had snow. Sigh.)

Anyway, I hear snow's pretty rare here, as well. Which makes it all the more spectacular. It also means I'm not the only fool running around outside in my slippers and pajamas in the early morning trying ta catch snowflakes on my tongue. Of course, I was still the only "adult," but hey, ya can't have everything.

Gee, now that I think of it, I guess I'm really glad that I haven't yet embarked on my "GREAT GRASS ADVENTURE." (That's grass as in "lawn" grass, kids, just in case yer wondering.)

Ya see, our nice little house doesn't have a back yard lawn. Nope, just a bunch'a dirt. Which, aside from the aesthetic aspect of having a nice bunch of green grass back there, I pretty much don't mind too terribly, except when it rains, or in this case, snows. BECAUSE that's when our little zoo quite happily tracks their muddy footy prints all over our nice carpet. (Don't tell our landlord, okay?)

Anyway, I've decided to fence off two-thirds of the back yard and see if I can't make something grow back there. Yep, Teri, of the amazing brown thumbs, is going to try ta grow stuff once again. Well, it's GRASS this time, okay? How hard can that be? And I've been reading up on the subject, planning out what to add to our soil, and what kind of grass I should use, etc. And, GOSH DARN IT, IT'S GONNA WORK!!! I've decided. Sigh.

After I get the grass seed settled, I am going to try planting some lavender and trumpet vines, because I really, really, really want flowers (wish me luck), and if all that works out, then the hummingbirds and wasps should just LOVE me.

Oh, hey, I learned something about hummingbirds last summer when we first moved in. Them hummingbirds are MEAN little suckers. I kid ya not. MEAN.

Ya see, I decided it would be really cool to hang a hummingbird feeder, right outside the kitchen window, you know, ta draw hummingbirds to our backyard? And shortly afterward, a cute little nesting couple moved into the branches that hang over our fence from the tree next door. I was so thrilled. Yep, I was.

But, one day, there I was, one late afternoon, standing outside looking up at the clouds passing by overhead, unaware that I was also right next to—dah da da dum—the hummingbird feeder. Suddenly, I hear this sound and I turn and find a mad little buncha feathers, buzzing and beeping in my face. I step back, startled, and he keeps up this threatening display until I've moved back to what he considers an acceptable distance, then he turns, and lands gracefully on the feeder to drink.

I stood there a moment, quite surprised and seriously considering lecturing the little bozo on his manners and about just who it was that supplied his fancy guarded sugar-water, when I stopped and thought to myself, that you just gotta respect a bird, who isn't much bigger than a golf ball, but more than willing to take on a five-foot, two-inch tall female human being. I'd like ta have that kinda guts, myself. And so, I turned and quietly went back inside the house.

And, that's all for this ish, kids. See ya next month.

Teri Sue Wood

WANDERING STAR Vol. I #13. FIRST PRINTING. Published by SIRIUS Entertainment, Inc. Lawrence Salamone, President. Robb Horan, Publisher. Joseph Linsner, Art Director. Correspondence: P.O. Box 128, Stanhope NJ 07874. WANDERING STAR
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IT WAS A LONG, LONG TRIP HOME.
WATCHMEN
ANGRY CHRIST-COMIX
ILLUSIONS
DARKLIGHT
ANGRA
STAR SIGNS
MAIN STREET -P. SWEET
STRANGERS IN PARADISE -T. MOORE
BOOKS OF MAGIC-GAIMAN
POISON ELVES
SANDMAN-N.GAIMAN
ZEN TO GO
ZEN STUDIO
NEW YORK
DIVE BUCHANAN

ESPECIALLY FOR MEKON, I'D SUPPOSE.
HIM, WITH THAT TUL'SAR THING IN HIS HEAD.
AND NONE OF US HAD A CLUE AS TO WHY IT HAD SUDDENLY STOPPED WORKING.
OUR PET THEORY AT THE TIME WAS THAT THE TUL'SAR WAS SOME KIND OF RECEIVER, AND THAT BY ESCAPING EARTH AND THE BONO KIRO, WE HAD FINALLY MOVED OUT OF RANGE OF WHATEVER SIGNAL THEY HAD BEEN SENDING OUT TO THE TUL'SAR.
OF COURSE, THAT MEANT THAT BY GETTING BACK TO THE ALLIANCE...
...WE'D BE MOVING BACK INTO ITS RANGE...
...BECAUSE THE BONO KIRO WOULD BE THERE AS WELL...
...WITH THEIR FEARLESS, EMOTIONLESS, "GLORIOUS" TUL'SAR WARRIORS.

IT WAS NOT SOMETHING ANY OF US LOOKED FORWARD TO.
IT MUST HAVE BEEN STRANGE BEING ON A SHIP WITH LORD MEKON...
...ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING YOUR HISTORY.
SWOOOSH!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
HELLO, CASANDRA.
HI YAZ, ELLI.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE MOST FRUSTRATING THING ABOUT BEING OUT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE IS?
NO SUNRISES AND NO SUNSETS.
EVEN ON EARTH IN OUR CITYSCAPES WE HAD PRETEND SUNRISES AND SUNSETS.
WE SET OUR TIME BY THEM.
BUT OUT HERE ON THE SHIP THERE'S NO LIGHT UNLESS YOU TURN IT ON.
SO-WE HAVE NO REAL TIME...
...BECAUSE REAL TIME IS SET BY WHEREVER THE HECK YOU ARE ON YOUR PLANET IN REFERENCE TO ITS SUN!
AND WE'RE NOT ON A PLANET!
AND WE'RE NOT BY A SUN!
AND YOU CAN'T EVEN SET OUR TIME BY SOME PARTICULAR SPOT ON SOME PARTICULAR PLANET,
...BECAUSE WHICH ONE...
...OUT OF THE MILLIONS OF BILLIONS OF THEM...
...DO YOU PICK?
SHESH!
TIME IS TOO CONFUSING.
SOMETIMES I THINK IT'S ALL JUST A GIANT ILLUSION.

SO, IS IT TIME FOR YOUR SHIFT?

MEKON!!!

WEREN'T YOU LISTENING?!!

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS TIME!!!

YES, IT'S TIME FOR MY SHIFT.

GET OUT OF MY CHAIR.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

Well,...

...I GUESS SOME PEOPLE JUST AREN'T READY FOR DEEP THOUGHTS.

SO, ELLIZ HOW ARE YOU.

VERY GOOD. AND YOU?

Oh...

SPLENTACULAR.

JOY AND A HALF, EH, MEKON?
WHAT?

OH.
YEAH.
IT DOESN'T TASTE VERY GOOD AT ALL,
...BUT I MORE THAN UNDERSTAND THE NEED TO SPREAD OUT OUR FOOD COMPOUNDS INTO THE MOST LOGICAL COMBINATION OF FOODSTUFF.

YEP.
TERRIBLE FOOD.
AND NOT ENOUGH TO FILL YOU UP EITHER.
WHAT A LIFE.

ELLI, YOU SHOULD BE GLAD THAT YOU'RE AN ENERGY BEING.
THE THINGS WE HAVE TO DO TO KEEP OUR BODIES RUNNING.
I ASSURE YOU.
I AM QUITE GLAD.

WELL, CASANDRA, IF ALL GOES WELL, WE'LL BE BACK INSIDE ALLIANCE TERRITORIES SOON.
THEN YOU CAN HAVE YOUR CUP OF HOT CHOCOLATE.
UMMM, YEAH...
AND I WANT A BIG BOWL OF MACARONI AND CHEESE,
AND A CHOCOLATE BAR,
AND A PIZZA!

HEY, MEKON!
WHAT DO YOU WANT WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE ALLIANCE?

FOOD, YOU MEAN?
YEAH.

Well...
...I SUPPOSE IT'D BE MAH LU.
WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S... A DISH. MADE WITH MAH HAH. UM,... A FRUIT.
I...
...DON'T KNOW HOW TO COMPARE IT TO ANYTHING YOU HAVE ON EARTH...
...AS I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT...
YEAH, I KNOW.
SO, WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THIS MAH HAH?
WELL...
...FIRST, YOU COVER IT IN THIS SPICY SAUCE.
THEN MARINATE IT FOR A FEW HOURS.
THEN YOU COOK IT OVER A WOOD FIRE,
...BRUSHING IT WITH SAUCE UNTIL IT'S COOKED AND GLAZED.
POOR MEKON.
NOW THAT I'VE MADE YOU VISUALIZE THAT MOUTH-WATERING PLATE OF MAH LU,...
YOU'RE STUCK EATING THAT.
WELL,
WE'LL MAKE IT OUR MISSION TO FIND YOU SOME MAH LU AS SOON AS WE GET BACK.
RIGHT AFTER WE HAVE THE NICE DOCTORS TAKE THAT THING OUT OF YOUR HEAD.
THAT'S PRIORITY NUMBER ONE.
THEN WE'LL FIND THE MAH LU.

CASANDRA?
MM?
WHY DO YOU CARE?
What?
MEANING NO OFFENSE, BUT,
WHY DO YOU CARE?
I...
...I...
WHO SAID I CARED?!!
oh dear.
I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU.

WELL, FINE! I DON'T WANT TO BE UNDERSTOOD.
I LIKE BEING A MYSTERY.

LOOK...
...IT'S JUST THAT YOU TALK TO ME LIKE WE'RE FRIENDS.
WE WERE NEVER FRIENDS, AND...
AND...
...BACK ON EARTH...

What ABOUT EARTH?

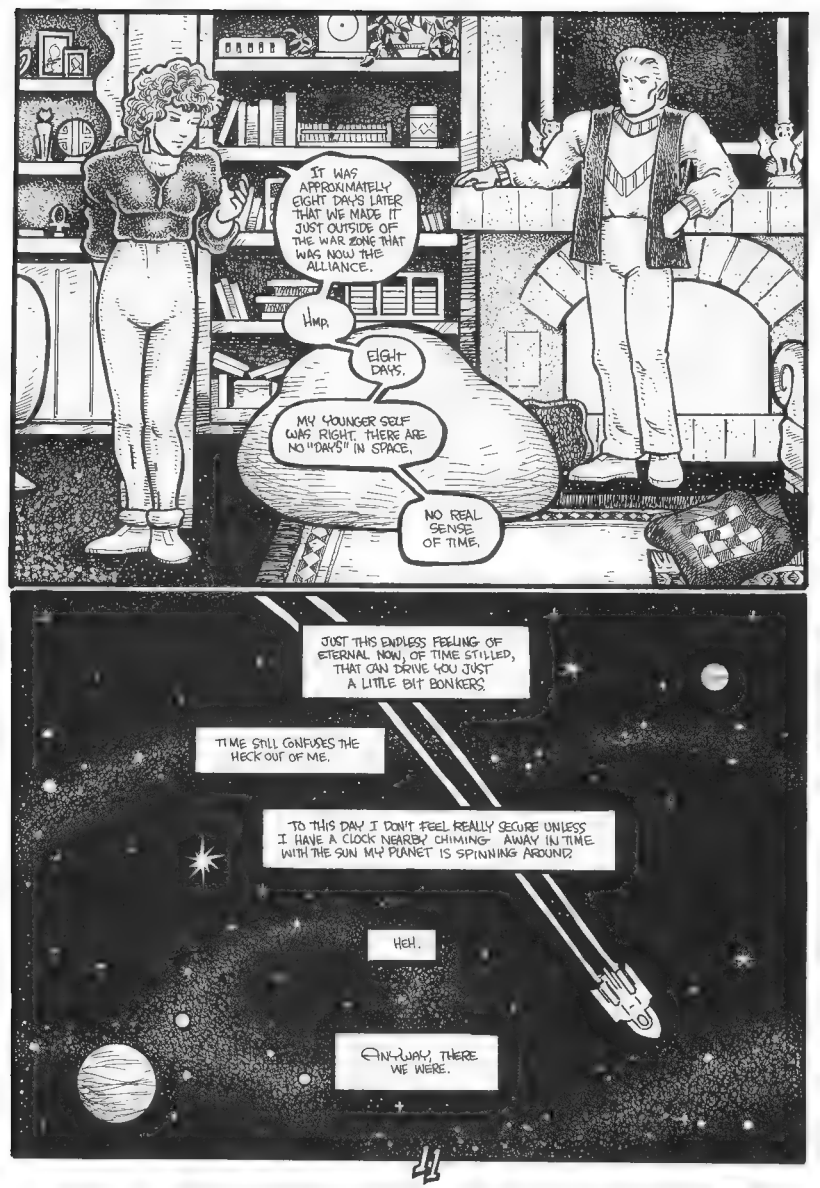
WHY DID YOU TAKE ME WITH YOU?
What?

LISTEN...
NO ONE WOULD HAVE KNOWN IF YOU'D LEFT ME.
NO ONE WOULD HAVE KNOWN A THING.
BUT YOU DID.
Why?

I WAS TEMPORARILY INSANE, Okay?
AND NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR MY ACTIONS.

I'M... ...GOING TO MY ROOM NOW.
FINE.

SEE YOU IN TEN HOURS.
SWOOSH!
SIGH.
I JUST HATE IT... ...WHEN PEOPLE ASK STUPID QUESTIONS.
WHAT? NO COMMENTS, ELI?
NOT A ONE.
SIGH.
BOY, WILL I BE GLAD WHEN WE'RE BACK ON TREMADOR.

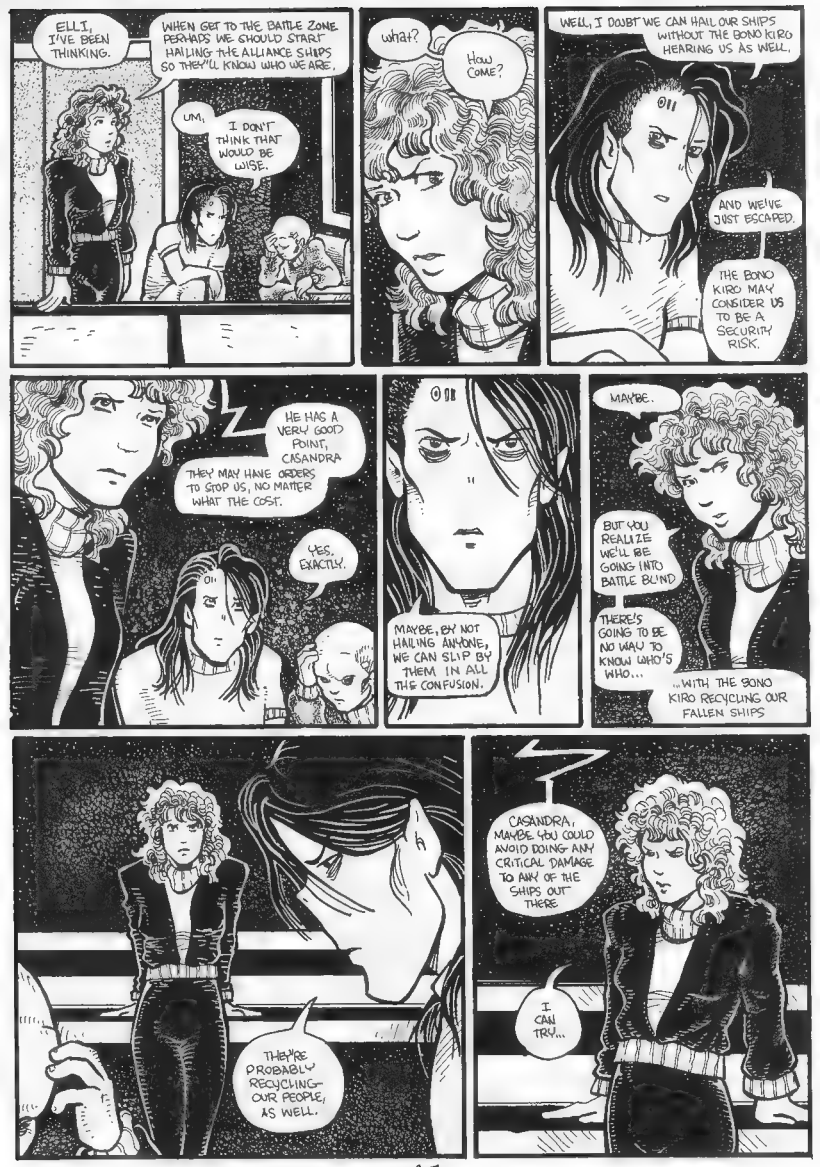

IT WAS APPROXIMATELY EIGHT DAYS LATER THAT WE MADE IT JUST OUTSIDE OF THE WAR ZONE THAT WAS NOW THE ALLIANCE.
HMP.
EIGHT DAYS.
MY YOUNGER SELF WAS RIGHT. THERE ARE NO "DAYS" IN SPACE.
NO REAL SENSE OF TIME.
JUST THIS ENDLESS FEELING OF ETERNAL NOW, OF TIME STILLED, THAT CAN DRIVE YOU JUST A LITTLE BIT BONKERS.
TIME STILL CONFUSES THE HECK OUT OF ME.
TO THIS DAY I DON'T FEEL REALLY SECURE UNLESS I HAVE A CLOCK NEARBY CHIMING AWAY IN TIME WITH THE SUN MY PLANET IS SPINNING AROUND.
HEH.
ANYWAY, THERE WE WERE.

MY GOD.
I CAN'T BELIEVE HOW MUCH TERRITORY THE ALLIANCE HAS LOST.

WELL... A LOT OF SHIPS FELL TO THE BONO KIRO WHEN WE WERE CAPTURED.
I KNOW.

MEKON ~ HOW'S MADISON?
Well...
I'll LIVE.
BUT...
...WE'VE GOT QUITE A BATTLE AHEAD OF US.
SO.... Much death...
...AND WE'LL BE THERE SOON.
Right.
THAT MEANS WE'LL ALSO BE BACK IN RANGE SOON, TOO, FOR THE TUL'SAR, IF WE'RE RIGHT ABOUT IT.
MEKON, How DO YOU FEEL?
Well...
...I'M STILL HERE.
I GUESS THAT'S SOMETHING.
GOD.
WHAT AM I GONNA DO?

TO GET HOME WE'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH THE BONO KIRO.
TO GET HOME WE'VE GOT TO FLY THROUGH THE WORST OF THE BATTLE.
BUT ONCE WE'RE IN THAT BATTLE..
...HOW ARE OUR GUYS GOING TO KNOW WHO WE ARE?
WITH THE BONO KIRO RECYCLING OUR FALLEN SHIPS?
AND...
...AND...
HOW ARE WE GOING TO KNOW WHO'S WHO?
GOD, GRAIKOR, I WISH..
..WISH...
...WISH...
...YOU WERE HERE TO HELP US, GUIDE US, SHOW US WHAT TO DO.
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENED,
..YOU ALWAYS REMAINED CALM.
EVERYONE WAS DEPENDING ON YOU...
...AND YOU ALWAYS KNEW WHAT TO DO.
PLEASE, GOD.
...LET ME KNOW WHAT TO DO.


ELLI, I'VE BEEN THINKING.
WHEN GET TO THE BATTLE ZONE PERHAPS WE SHOULD START HAILING THE ALLIANCE SHIPS SO THEY'LL KNOW WHO WE ARE.
UM, I DON'T THINK THAT WOULD BE WISE.
WHAT?
HOW COME?
WELL, I DOUBT WE CAN HAIL OUR SHIPS WITHOUT THE BONO KIRO HEARING US AS WELL.
AND WE'VE JUST ESCAPED.
THE BONO KIRO MAY CONSIDER US TO BE A SECURITY RISK.
HE HAS A VERY GOOD POINT, CASANDRA
THEY MAY HAVE ORDERS TO STOP US, NO MATTER WHAT THE COST.
YES, EXACTLY.
MAYBE, BY NOT HAILING ANYONE, WE CAN SLIP BY THEM, IN ALL THE CONFUSION.
MAYBE.
BUT YOU REALIZE WE'LL BE GOING INTO BATTLE BLIND
THERE'S GOING TO BE NO WAY TO KNOW WHO'S WHO...
...WITH THE BONO KIRO RECYCLING OUR FALLEN SHIPS
THEY'RE PROBABLY RECYCLING OUR PEOPLE, AS WELL.
CASANDRA, MAYBE YOU COULD AVOID DOING ANY CRITICAL DAMAGE TO ANY OF THE SHIPS OUT THERE
I CAN TRY...

BUT IT WILL PUT US AT A SERIOUS DISADVANTAGE.
EVERYONE ELSE OUT THERE WILL BE SHOOTING TO KILL.
PERHAPS WE COULD START HAILING OUR SIDE ONCE WE'VE MADE IT MIDWAY THROUGH?
THAT'S AN IDEA.
THEN WE'D BE CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE ALLIANCE'S SIDE THAT THEY COULD PROBABLY PROTECT US.
OKAY, THAT'S A PLAN. BUT IT'S FAR FROM PERFECT
WELL, ELLI, FIND US A MIRACLE AND WE'LL BE HAPPY TO TAKE IT.
I WISH THAT SHE...
...OW!
MEKON?

OW WWW W OW!

NAAAAAAAH!

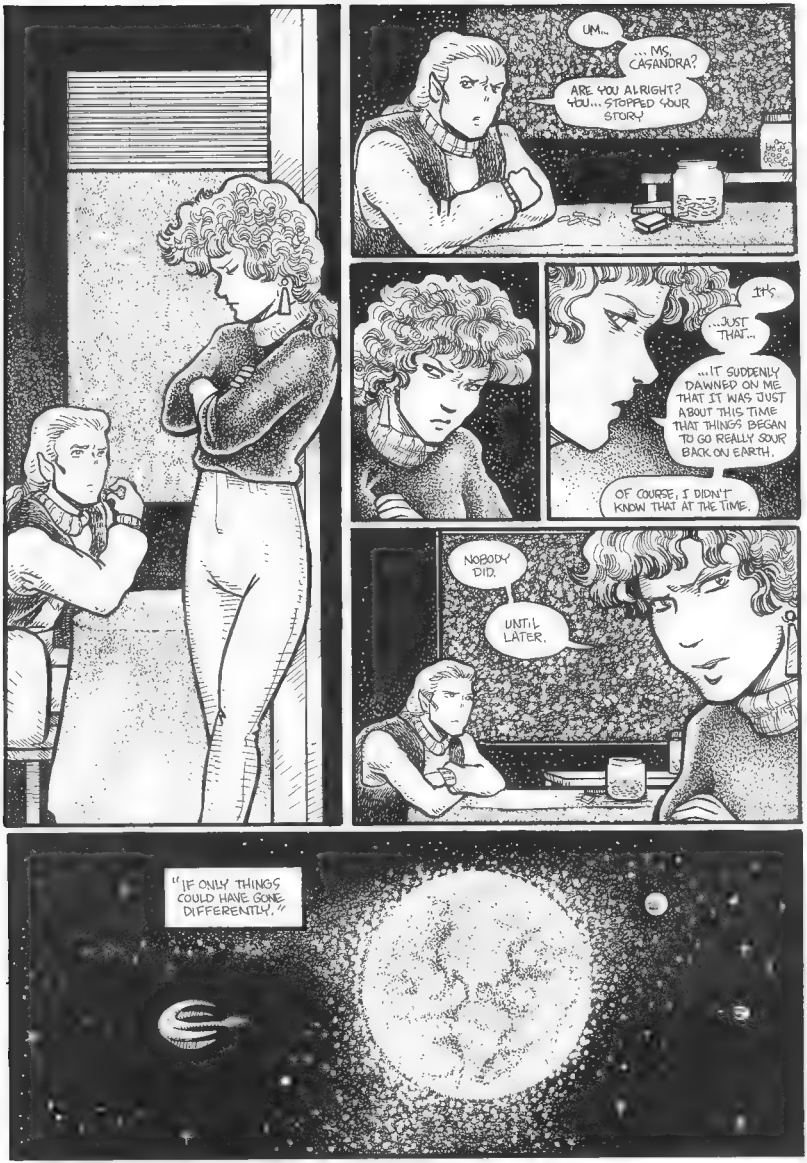
MEKON?!!

MEKON!

MEKON?

YES, MISTRESS.

Damn.
I WAS REALLY HOPING THAT THIS WOULDN'T HAPPEN.
IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, MEKON.
JUST HANG IN THERE, AND AS SOON AS WE GET BACK...
...WE'LL HAVE THAT DAMN THING TAKEN OUT OF YOUR HEAD.
BUT, BACK TO NOW...
MEKON..
...I NEED YOU TO RUN THE MAIN PANEL AS WE GO INTO BATTLE.
I'M GOING TO HANDLE WEAPONS.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
YES, MISTRESS.
Well... Good.
AND DON'T FORGET...
NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS... THE IDEA IS ALWAYS TO KEEP US FROM BEING BLASTED OUT OF THE SKY, OKAY?
YES, MISTRESS.
GOD,...
...IS IT POSSIBLE TO GO INTO BATTLE WITH ANY MORE HANDICAPS THAN THIS?
CASANDRA, IT'S BEGINNING.
I HEAR YOU, ELLI.
I SURE HOPE THIS STORY HAS A HAPPY ENDING.


UM...
...MS. CASANDRA?
ARE YOU ALRIGHT? YOU... STOPPED YOUR STORY.
IT'S...
...JUST THAT...
...IT SUDDENLY DAWNED ON ME THAT IT WAS JUST ABOUT THIS TIME THAT THINGS BEGAN TO GO REALLY SOUR BACK ON EARTH.
OF COURSE, I DIDN'T KNOW THAT AT THE TIME.
NOBODY DID.
UNTIL LATER.
"IF ONLY THINGS COULD HAVE GONE DIFFERENTLY."

SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE.

*The Continuing Saga of the Presidential Campaign of*

# Oliver, the Proof-Reading Cat.

It began in early July,.just as Tammy-Cat and Oliver were beginning ta get all cozy in their relationship again, a huge, multi-million dollar campaign to slander Oliver.

We heard about it first from Daymond Alexander, who'd taken a break from passing out the OLIVER FOR PRESIDENT flyers to watch *THE POWER RANGERMEN* on the TV at the campaign headquarters.

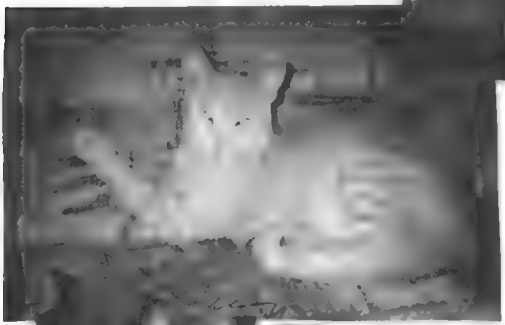
"There it was!" He said, "Right after the commercial for the Stomper-Killer, Blood-sucking Robot toys, which are really cool, by the way, and I'd love ta have one for Christmas, but the purple one though, cuz he's the coolest, or maybe the blue one, cuz he's okay, but just not the white one, ya know, cuz like, that one's a girl, okay? And you know what I think? I think that the Stomper-Killer, Blood-Sucking Robot Toys really need ta have their own show, so like, maybe they can get better weapons and stuff, and maybe have more bad guys to stomp, cuz like, they only have one bad guy now, and all the best TV shows have all sorts of cool bad guys and stuff for the good guys to stomp. But you know, my mom says she can't tell who's the good guys or the bad guys anymore, cuz like, everybody's mean, and everybody fights everybody all the time, but I tell her that you can tell cuz the good guys always win, or if they lose, their friends will get really, really, really mad and then they'll go find the guys that beat up their friend, and beat them up."

"Hey, who do you think would win if there was a fight between the Purple, Stomper-Killer, Blood-Sucking Robot and the Hulkman?"

About that time we decided it might be wise to re-direct Daymond's train of thought (You have to forgive him. He just turned four.), and we found out that the Republican Party had begun a wave of mud-slinging commercials, with Oliver as their target.

The commercials were centered around a pretty, young, aspiring model named Ariana, who claimed she had met Oliver at a 1995 San Diego Comicon Party. She told about how he had wandered up to her, purring obscenely and smelling of catnip. She then went on to say that when she tried to ignore him, he had *jumped into her lap*, and asked her if she would like to *scratch him BEHIND his EARS!!!*

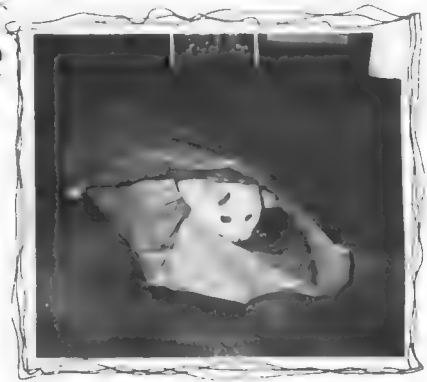
Of course, the press loved it, and a swarm of reporters caught Oliver as he tried to leave the Re*purrr*blican headquarters that evening.



They asked him about Ms. Ariana's accusations and Oliver sternly told them that he had never seen Ariana before in his life, and definitely did not do catnip! Except for that one time, back in his college days, at a party with bunch of his buddies... He had *tried* it, but he hadn't inhaled

The Press would have hounded him further, but just about that time, Simba-Dog came to his rescue. He walked into the swirling crowd of microphones and cameras and simply said, "You know, I really like you press people. You taste great with BBQ sauce."

The press people quickly vacated the premises.



Meanwhile, Tammy-Cat, alone in her apartment, and tramatized by the gossip being spread about true love, Oliver, decided to crawl into a paper sack and not come out again until the campaign was over.

*See ya next issue, kids!*

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# "THE FAILINGS OF ANGELS AND DEMONS, OF HEAVENS AND HELLS..."

... are exposed when Dawn shows Darrian the path of the superhero in *Dawn* #1/2, available only through *Wizard* #59.

WIZARD®

**#59 on sale May 29. Get it.**

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Missing Children
Help Center
National Missing Children Division
National Child Safety Council
410 Ware Boulevard, Suite 400
Tampa, Florida 33619

# KARA JO BERGMAN-SMITH

## Missing Juvenile

**KARA JO BERGMAN-SMITH**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Missing:** | 12/31/95 | **Age Now:** | 17 |
| **Missing From:** | PLEASANT HILL CA | **Age Disap.:** | 16 |
| **Birth:** | 06/09/79 | **Race:** | White |
| **Sex:** | Female | **Eyes:** | Blue |
| **Height:** | 5' 7" | **Weight:** | 140 lbs. |
| **Hair:** | Wavey Brown | | |

**ID Info:** PIERCED EYEBROW. PIERCED EARS, RIGHT EAR PIERCED 2 TIMES. ACNE SCARS ON BACK AND FACE. HAIR IS NATURALLY BROWN, DYED BLACK. NCIC # M 895681641.

**Circum:** KARA LEFT AFTER LEAVING HER MOM A NOTE. SHE WAS LAST SEEN NORTH OF SANTA BARBARA CA.

ANYONE HAVING INFORMATION SHOULD CONTACT:

**Missing Children...HELP Center at 1-800-USA-KIDS**

OR

PLEASANT HILL PD
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FROM THE IMAGINATION OF

# DARK ONE

SIRIUS

ISSUE 1
SHIPPING IN JULY

ANIMAL MYSTIC

NOW IN
FULL COLOR

WATER WARS

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A TRICK

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